

THE DISTANT LAND.

Das ferne Land.

English version by SPERANZA.

Composed by A. HENSELT.

Con moto.

Bear me, ye light, dancing bil-lows, Swiftly a-cross the blue seas; To those bright isles where the
Fra-ge-tich, schwankende Wei-len, Ue-ber die Tie-fe ge-schwind; Dort zu den In-seln, den

legato.

wil-lows Whis-per love-songs to the breeze! Then, when the pale stars are gleaming
hel-len, Fuch-re mich, schwellen-der Wind! Dort in der son-ni-gen Fer-ne

cres. assai.

O-ver each val-ley and hill, Bliss-ful-ly I would be dream-ing, Lull'd by some mur-mur-ing
Lockt mich ein schoener-er Strand; Glanzender leuchten die Ster-ne In dem gluckse-li-gen

dim.

rill! In that far land the sun, shin-ing, Burns with a soft, subdued light;
Land! Mild ist das Feu-er der Son-ne, Tie-fer das himm-li-sche Blau;

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Then the soul nev-er is pi-ning... For the cool still-ness of night,
Land voll un-end-bar-er Won-ne, Gleichst der hold-se-lig-sten Frau;

Ze-phys of pa-ra-dise, sigh-ing, Sing to the trees a sweet strain,
Und in den rauschen-den Bacu-men Toent es wie Gei-r-ge-sang;

Wilst an-gel voi-ces, re-ply-ing, Mur-mur the ca-dence a-gain!
Ach, zu den herr-li-chen Rau-men Zieht mich un-end-lich-er Drang!

dim.

Hence, then a-way; yes, for-ev-er to stay in that dis-tant land! Hence, then a-way; yes, for-
Hin zu dem froeh-li-chen, hin zu dem se-li-gen, fer-nen Land! Hin zu dem froeh-li-chen,

per crescendo.

ev-er to stay in that dis-tant land! in that dis-tant land!
hin zu dem se-li-gen fer-nen Land! zu dem fer-nen Land!

The Distant Land.—2.

DER GERMAN COBBLER

Hans Sees Both Sides of Life While Attending to Business.

SORROWFUL MAN VISITS HIM.

Gets a Cold Reception From the Little German Shoemaker and Proceeds to Make it Hot For Him—Old Man Snyder Calls For a Chat.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Suttell.]

"I vvas in my shop mit a cement patch on a shoe for fourteen cents when a tall, sad looking man comes in und says:

"Cobbler, do you haf some rope around here to gif me to hang my self?"

"Not today," I says.

"Haf you got some poison?"

"Only one pound, und I keep dot for cats."

"Vvill you please put a knife in my heart or hit me on der head mit an ax?"

"I vvas too busy."

"Ah, dot vvas der vvhay of der world—always too busy to care for der sor-



"GET OOP LIVELY!"

rows of others! Vvas it somet'ings to you dot I married a woman who won't take in washing to support me?"

"No."

"Do you care if my house vvas wretchedness und my days und nights vvas full of woe?"

"No."

"My wife pulls my hair und chokes me, und she drives me out into der cold world to find some jobs of carry-

ing in coal. When I get oop in a morn'ing I vvas sorrowful, und when I lie down at night I vvas afraid. It vvas all sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, but do you care a continental coked hat?"

"I don't pelief I do," I says.

"No, of course not. You vvas a happy man und a bloated aristocrat. You can haf country sausage eatery day for dinner und walk out mit your cane, und you don't care for poor peoples. I make you care, however. Dootchmans, look out for yourself!"

He Was Badly Damaged.

Mid dot he shumps at me und chokes me und rolls me on der floor, und when he goes avhay I vvas damaged until my head swims und der shop goes round und round. I haf to smell some camphor und put a rag around my head before I go to work again.

Maype it vvas one pefore der old man Snyder comes in. He vvas some Dootchmans, too, but he makes me tired. He sits down und shokes his pipe und don't say one word for forty minutes by some clocks. Den he speaks out:

"Hans, how vvas it about some trusts?"

"I don't keep 'em on hand," I says.

"Don't try to be funny. You haf heard of trusts. It vvas trusts who put oop der prices of meat, leather, coal und lots of tings."

"Vvelli!"

"Vvelli, you know I vvas der only man for ten blocks around dot makes frankfurters. Peoples who haf to buy must come to me. I keep der price so much all der time. A week ago my wife wakes oop in der night und says to me:

"Snyder, you vvas a fool!"

"How vvas dot?" I says as I wake oop too.

"Because you don't make one honoered per cent profit on sausages."

"But how can I?"

"You shall become a trust und put prices oop. Der peoples must haf frankfurters, und dey must come to you. If you vvas a smart man you vvas reech in voue year."

"Vvelli, dot makes me do some think-ing," says Snyder. "I sit tink und scratch my head, und I stand oop und tink und feel of my ear, und in two days I vvas a trust, und prices vvas oop. I vvas a trust for two days, und deu I vvas bust."

"How vvas it?" I says.

"Shust like dis. I drink a keg of beer eatery week. My beer vvas out one day, und I goes by der brewery und says:

"Schmidt, you may send me oop dot keg of beer for a dollar und a half."

"I don't haf same," he says.

"But why?"

Beer and Frankfurters.

"Because she haf gone oop to 14 shillings. Beer vvas in sympathy mit

frankfurters, you know. Ven one goes oop, der odder goes oop too."

"Dot knocks me out, but I haf to pay. Dot same day I goes by der tailor who cleans my clothes und says, 'How mooch to clean my coat?' He says it vvas fifteen cents mers ash before because frankfurters vvas gone oop, und coats vvas in sympathy. I go by der coal man for a ton of coal, but it vvas gone oop a quarter on a ton to me. I goes by der butcher for my meat, but meat vvas higher. It vvas so in eatery place, und I bust oop my trust und go home und say to my wife:

"If I make \$4 ash a trust und lose \$6 ash an individual, how many foods vvas in our family?"

"I like Mr. Snyder to go home, because I shall send out der growler for beer und drink by myself, but he smokes und smokes und stays on, und by und by he says:

"Hans, maype I do some awful t'ings last night, und I vvas feeling bad about it."

"Do you rob somebody?" I says.

"No, not dot. I used to haf a brudder-in-law named Carl. He vvas a fine man, und he reads und t'inks a great deal. He don't belief he shall go to heaven when he dies, but dot he vill turn into some animal und stay on earth. I laugh at him many times, but he vvas verry serious. Maype you remember dot he dies last spring? He shumps off a street car und falls on his head und breaks his neck. You could take his face und turn it clear around und make him look backward."

"Yes, I hear about it."

On His Guard.

"Vvelli, I can't say if, he turns into some animal, but all der time I vvas looking out for him. Maype he vvas a horse or a dog or a cat. Last night I comes home late und finds a dog in my westibule. Maype I haf too mooch beer und vvas mad. Ash soon ash I see dot dog I shump on him und kick him down der steps, und I no sooner tell my wife about it dan she throws oop her arms und cries out:

"Oh, cruel man, what haf you done? Dot poor dog vvas my poor brudder Carl come to us for food und lodgings."

"I run out und whistle und call und look all around, but der dog can't be found. He vvas afraid I kick him some more. Hans, do you pelief dot vvas my brudder-in-law?"

"I can't say, but if I vvas him I bite you when you kick."

"I wish he had. I wish I vvas to drunk to kick him. Poor Carl! He comes home for supper und a bed, und he meets mit a kick und cusswords. I don't pelief I can ever forgit myself."

Snyder Sheds Tears.

Mr. Snyder turns his head avhay und sheds tears, but I can't say nothings to comfort him. In der first place, I vvas too busy mit dot half sole, und in der next maype dot dog vvas somebody else's brudder-in-law und goes by der

wrong house. Nopody speaks for ten minutes, und den Mr. Snyder wipes avhay der tears und says:

"Hans, did you hear about me und der street car conductor?"

"I don't pelief so."

"Vvelli, I make complaint against him at headquarters. I take a street car der odder day to go to Greenfield. I don't know where it is, und I tell der conductor to let me off. Dot car goes on und on, und it vvas one hour pefore I says:

"Don't we come to Greenfield yet?"

"Vhy, man, we vvas six miles beyond it!" he says.

"But I wanted to get off at Greenfield."

"You must be mistook. Greenfield vvas all right in der summer, but now dot it vvas winter you want to get off at Snow Hill!"

"Und dot vvas not all, Hans. When I goes to get off der car he calls out, 'Step lively! Dot makes me fall down, und he calls out, 'Get oop lively! I gets oop und starts avhay, und he shouts after me, 'Limp lively!' und enefvbody laughs und makes me feel bad. I make complaint und haf him bounced out. It vvas all right to be lively, but you must not be too lively. What did you say, Hans?"

"I don't say nothings, und while I vvas saying it und keeping still Mr. Snyder falls asleep und don't wake oop till all der beer vvas vanished und some ice water vvas in der pail."

M. QUAD.

A Recommendation.

Managing Director—Well, and what are your qualifications for the post of night watchman?

Applicant—Well, sir, for one thing, the least noise wakes me up.—By-stander

As Others See Us.

Biggs—Blowitt seems to have a mania for building air castles.

Diggs—Huh! Wind castles would be a more appropriate term.—Detroit Tribune.

AN EGYPTIAN HONEYMOON.

Congressman W. Bourke Cockran and His Philippine Romance.

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A Puzzler.

First Diner Out—I shay, ole chap, d'you know Wilson?

Second Diner Out—No. Whatsh ish name?

First Diner Out—I dunno.—Tattler.

Advertisement.

"Why do you allow yourself to be posted at your club?"

"Well," answered the easy going youth, "it's a large club and a swell one, and no one would know I was a member of it unless I got posted now and then."—Washington Star.

Their First Quarrel.

Mrs. Hunnime—You're just hate-ful!

Mr. Hunnime—You're more so.

Mrs. Hunnime—You're a regular stick.

Mr. Hunnime—You're cross as two.—Philadelphia Press.

Out of It.

"Your wife and daughters are very hospitable."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "when mother and the girls give a party everybody seems perfectly at home around the house except me."—Washington Star.

For the Sake of Her Reputation.

"Why," asked her mother, "do you always play them classical tunes when we have company?"

"So that if I happen now and then to hit the wrong key they'll never know the difference."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HERR PAUL SINGER.

The German Socialist Leader and the Reichstag Elections.

The defeat that the Socialists met in the recent elections for the German reichstag was a great blow to the veteran Socialist leader, Herr Paul Singer. He is what in this country would be called a "millionaire Socialist," as he is a man of large wealth, although an advocate of doctrines which would level existing distinctions in society if carried into effect. He owns a big store in Berlin that is conducted on the principle of the American department store. Herr Singer is a Jew and

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"Hallowed be thy name," corrected his grandmother.

Again he made the attempt, "Hallowed be my name."

Again the grandmother: "Hallowed be thy name, Harold. Now try another time."

"But, grandma, Hallowed be my name."—Lippincott's Magazine.

MR. AND MRS. COCKRAN CAMPING BEFORE THE PYRAMIDS.

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Mrs. Ide is youthful and charming. Her husband was born in Ireland in 1854, came to America in 1871, won fame in law and politics and has served in four congresses. Governor Ide's daughter is his third wife. She was very popular in the Philippines. When her father was a judge in Samoa the natives named her "White Cloud." She once received a queer present from the chief of a remote Moro village which she was visiting with her father while the family were in the Philippines.

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